

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Garibaldi's Birthday.

BY EDITH MARKHAM WALLACE.

GARIBALDI stole stealthily out of bed. He rubbed his half-opened eyes and stretched his thin little arms as he looked cautiously around the dormitory.

Twenty little iron beds like his own stood in rows along the side walls. Twenty little heads were still nestled in their pillows. No one had yet awakened but himself.

He thrust his hand into the toe of his well-worn shoe. Then he examined the other. After looking carefully under the bed and on the chair, he searched through his trousers pockets.

"Say, Baldy, what are you looking for?" asked Tommy, sleepily, from the bed next to his. "The rising bell hasn't rung yet. What've you lost?"

"Haven't lost anything."

"Well, what're you looking around like that for?" Tommy inquired suspiciously.

"Ah, go to sleep and let me alone." Garibaldi's low tone was threatening. "It isn't true, that story in the reader."

"What isn't true?" asked Tommy.

"That story of the Piccola girl who found a present in her shoe."

"Why isn't it?"

"Well, why wouldn't it happen to any other child sometime when he wished hard for a present like she did?"

Tommy was unable to answer this question, so he turned over on his pillow and went to sleep again.

It was Garibaldi's birthday, but no one at the Parental Home had remembered it but himself.

He continued to look for a present that might be tucked away in some unexpected place. Not that he was at all familiar with searching for birthday presents in the past, but only yesterday morning Jimmy O'Brien had found one by his bed when he awoke, and last week Billy Swartz had found one by his plate at supper time.

It was true that Jimmy had a real mother who often came to the Home on Sundays to see him, and Billy had a real father somewhere in Alaska who sent him presents, while Garibaldi was an orphan. He could not even remember his parents. His uncle Pietro had tried to bring him up, but he was a stupid man, easily discouraged. When Garibaldi had been taken to the Juvenile Court for playing truant from school, his uncle had declared that the boy was incorrigible. Garibaldi, also, had his tale of inhuman whippings, which were evidenced by the marks on his body. The judge decided the case immediately, and Garibaldi was sent to the Parental Home.

The search for a birthday present was disturbed by the jangling of the rising gong that brought twenty other tousled heads from their pillows.

Garibaldi hurried to put on his brown overalls and his brown shirt that could only be distinguished from the others because they were piled on the foot of his bed.



By Lawrence Baker.

Johnny Bullfrog.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

IN the pond beside the mill
Johnny Bullfrog has his home,
And he never seems to care
From his house to roam.

In the evening you can hear
A sort of booming sound;
Then you know he's talking there
To his friends around.

His voice is deep and big and clear,
At times a little grum;
It echoes through the quiet night—
"Erum—erum—erum!"

Gruff he seems, but just the same
If you creep up slow,
You can see him seated on
His dwelling's portico.

If you make a noise or move
Quickly as you stop,
He will disappear from view
With a sudden "Plop!"

I like to hear him in the dusk
As the sun descends,
Talking in his rumbling voice
To his mill-pond friends!

"These aren't any kind of clothes to wear on a birthday. Birthdays aren't Christmas and they aren't Fourth of July. It's your very ownst day, and how are you going to let them know without even so much as a clean handkerchief? Every one ought to have birthday clothes," and he dreamed of the reform he would institute when he was superintendent of the Home.

"Aren't you going to wash?" nudged Tommy. "You are standing there like a loony. It is your turn next."

Garibaldi, recalled to his duty, scrubbed his face furiously in a few spots with a great deal of blustering and blowing. Then he mopped it off on the driest place he could find on the much-used towel.

"Perhaps they've kept my present till I go to breakfast for a surprise. And perhaps I'll find it by my plate," he whispered to Tommy, to whom he had confided the secret of the day.

Garibaldi was new to Homes with a capital H. He never doubted but that among so

many teachers some one would remember his birthday, though he might be forgotten on the other holidays. For hadn't they written his name, birthday, age, and all his history down in a book the first day he came to the Home?

The long line marched into the dining-room. The eager, hopeful look still lingered in his brown eyes as Garibaldi took his place at the table. He could hardly keep his eyes closed while the superintendent said grace.

Tucking his napkin under his chin, he turned over his plate expectantly. No present was there. Only a tear splashed on the plate. He glanced quickly down the long table with its parallel rows of faces above the napkins. But no one had seen the tear, not even Tommy, who was also looking to see if Garibaldi had found his present.

He brushed his eyes with his brown, claw-like fingers so that no more tears would flavor his breakfast.

Miss Horton smiled at him from the end

of the table. Her smiles were always near the surface, ready to answer the tears or twinkles in the eyes before her. How any teacher could have such a supply of smiles and good nature was a question never answered at the Parental Home.

Her smile was unusually bright as she saw the tears and look of disappointment in the brown eyes of her "Little Patriot." The sunshine in her face had cheered an otherwise gloomy morning. Of course, it wouldn't be polite not to return her smile. As Garibaldi's lips lifted their corners, the disappointment and the lonely feeling grew less, and as he continued to smile back at her he became almost happy.

"I wonder if every one here has a birthday. It would be an awful trouble to get presents for the whole bunch," he said to Tommy as the line of children filed back to the dormitory to make up the beds.

"You didn't get any present, did you?" grinned Tommy.

"Well, what if I didn't? You don't have to get presents all the time," retorted Garibaldi. "I can give presents myself if I want to."

"How? Give presents to your own self?"

"No," hesitated Garibaldi as if at loss to explain just what he meant. "Birthdays shouldn't be like they are, anyway. It's no way to always be expecting folks to give you something. You ought to give them presents when it's your birthday."

"That's a crazy way to do. Why, I'd never got my ball and bat if I hadn't had regular birthday presents last time," replied Tommy.

Garibaldi was not convinced.

"You didn't think so this morning when you were turning things upside down to find a present," continued Tommy.

"Perhaps I didn't then, but I'm going to try a new kind of a birthday."

"Have you got any money to buy presents?" asked Tommy, suddenly interested in Garibaldi's plans.

"No, I haven't, and, anyway, I couldn't go to town if I had. I'll have to think of some other way."

"Well, what can you do?" asked Tommy, doubtfully.

The school bell rang before Garibaldi could answer, and the two boys rushed off to school.

During the morning session Garibaldi's thoughts were anywhere but on his lessons. He was planning a present for each of his particular friends. There was Miss Horton, and Mary, the cook, and James who took care of the cows and the garden, and Tommy, of course. He thought he ought to give something to Professor Hart, the superintendent of the Home, but what could he give this tall, stern man who seldom smiled? He could think of nothing for him.

When Miss Horton called upon Garibaldi to read he could not have told the place to save his young life. In his dream of the presents he was going to give, all else was forgotten.

The look of disappointment on his teacher's face as he sat down filled him with shame. To disappoint his beloved teacher on his birthday was not the kind of a present he wished to give. Thereafter he applied himself to his work, and his lessons the rest of the day were perfect.

After school was over and the janitor had swept the schoolroom, Garibaldi slipped in quietly. He gathered up the erasers and dusted them, and washed the blackboards.

Then he put a clean blotter on the teacher's desk, filled the inkwell, and dusted the books carefully. Upon the desk he left a note.

"This is my birthday present for you Teacher
GARIBALDI VALZERNO"

He ran to the kitchen and filled the woodbox as full as it would hold and laid an extra lot of fine kindling beside it. The coal scuttle was also filled. Above the woodbox he pinned a note for Mary, similar to the note he had left on the desk in the schoolroom.

He went out to the barn and mixed the bran mash for the cows, and then brought the milk pails from the milk house. The boys were already coming up the lane with the cows. On the handle of a milk pail he left another note where James would find it as soon as he came from the garden.

As he went back to the kitchen, he passed Professor Hart's cottage. Garibaldi had thought of no present for him. He noticed the pansy bed looked neglected. In a moment he was at work. A paper stuck on a stick soon floated from the midst of the pansy plants, now so free from weeds. It bore a like message to the ones on the desk, over the woodbox, and on the milk pail.

He could think of nothing for Tommy. At supper time Garibaldi slipped his cooks from the plate and put it into his pocket. Later he hid it under Tommy's pillow.

He was a very tired but very happy boy at the end of his birthday as he cuddled down in his bed and put his hand under his cheek.

What was that! He quickly drew his hand away and sat up in bed. He raised the pillow. Beneath was a package, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon. A little card dangled from the ribbon, which bore the words:

"For the boy who has celebrated his birthday in such a happy way."

He opened the package. There was a ball and a book. He clasped them in his arms. He had found a birthday present!

The Trial Race.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

ON your mark! Set! Go!" Bobbie watched the five boys as they sprinted off down the road. Then he looked again at Bert Cummings, the scout leader, as he stood, stop-watch in hand, timing the race.

"Come, Bobbie, let's see what kind of a runner you are," said Bert, kindly. "I'm just timing the boys to-day. Only the speedy ones will be in the Junior race next Saturday. Don't you want to try for it?"

"Can't," said Bobbie. Then he tried to whistle and look as if he didn't care much, anyway; but two big tears dropped down from nowhere in particular, and splashed on his hand. Bobbie rubbed them off hastily, then stole a glance at Bert Cummings. But the big fellow was gazing at the flying figures far down the road.

"Bobbie!" called a clear voice from the little brown cottage behind the hedge.

Bobbie slipped down from the fence rather reluctantly. He wanted to see the end of the race; he thought perhaps Bert Cummings would let him examine the wonderful watch which stopped when it was told to. But mother smiled and swung a shining dinner-pail aloft, and Bobbie knew that it was time to do his daily errand.

"Here's father's dinner smoking hot," said mother, as Bobbie reached the doorway. "Let me see how quickly you can get it to the stone quarry."

At those words a bright idea popped into Bobbie's head. Why not make it a race to the quarry?

In his eagerness to be off Bobbie nearly snatched the dinner-pail from his mother's hand.

"Just see me go, mother!" he cried, and up the path he ran as fast as his short legs would carry him.

He passed Bert Cummings at top speed. The scout leader glanced at the flying legs and the twinkling dinner-pail.

"I see," he said, with a wise nod of his head. "That's why Bobbie couldn't stop to try for the race. But he's a good runner. I've half a mind to try him when he comes back from the quarry."

When Bobbie left the quarry the trial race was over, but still Bobbie could see that Bert Cummings was standing by the fence with his stop-watch in his hand.

"Who is he timing now?" Bobbie asked himself.

At that moment Bert Cummings looked up the road and waved his hand, and Bobbie, wondering what it could mean, ran back as fast as he could to find out.

Just as he reached the scout leader he heard the watch click.

"What was that?" he panted.

Bert Cummings smiled. "Oh, that was only my stop-watch speaking to me," he said. "Do you know, it told me something about you just now."

Bobbie's eyes widened with surprise.

"I was watching you as you ran home from the quarry," said the scout leader, "and this watch of mine told me that you were speedy enough to enter the race next Saturday. What do you say?"

Bobbie did not stop to reply. With a whoop of delight he cleared the hedge, and ran to tell his mother the good news.

Bert Cummings smiled as he slipped his watch into his pocket. Then he took out his pencil and entered Bobbie's name at the head of the list.

The Inevitable.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of
cheer;

Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and
just

His plans work out for mortals. Not a
tear

Is shed when fortune, which the world holds
dear,

Falls from his grasp: better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,

Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,

But with a smile and words of hope gives
zest

To every toiler. He alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

Never depend upon your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.

JOHN RUSKIN.



JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE
Author of "Our Faith".

How Polly stood for the Faith.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

POPLY was walking to the children's meeting in company with Uncle Elmore and her cousins, Norman and little Edith.

"Isn't it nice to be together?" she said with a little skip. "Don't you see, I'm an only child and haven't any brothers and sisters to go with."

The children smiled, but said nothing—the grave Norman of twelve and the shy Edith a few years his junior. Uncle Elmore only squeezed her hand with an affectionate downward glance. He was so very tall, this uncle whom Polly was learning to know a little better each day in this her first visit to the old homestead.

"You look just now like the picture of grandfather in the library," said Polly, "and Norman is exactly like you. Where I live every one has grandfathers except me, and I miss it. At any rate, I can tell the girls about that picture when I get back." The cousins smiled again: they were very much interested in this bright little cousin from Massachusetts.

"Is it a Sunday-school concert where we are going?" was her next inquiry.

"No, Polly, it is a revival meeting for children," said Uncle Elmore.

"We are having a series of meetings now at our church and this one is specially for children."

"What does 'revival' mean?" persisted Polly, "and what do they do?"

"Perhaps Norman can tell you," said Uncle Elmore.

"They want us to be converted," said Norman, briefly.

"Converted? I don't quite understand. Converted means to change one thing into another. A man could make a barn into a house if he wanted to. Why, we made a parish house out of a barn at our church."

"They want you to love God and follow him," said Uncle Elmore.

"But I do, already," cried Polly, with such a puzzled face that Norman said hastily, "Don't worry, then, Polly, for you'll not have to be converted." Just at that moment the church was reached, and, naturally, all conversation ceased.

It was a new experience to the little visitor. She had never seen so many children together before,—the great Church of the Covenant was filled. The Sunday-school orchestra accompanied the choir, and many stirring songs were sung, most of them new to the stranger. But "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" were among the number, making her feel more at home.

The evangelist had a special gift with children and told some interesting stories, but Polly was a bit puzzled by the trend of his remarks. "He talks as if we didn't love God," was her thought. "Why, I love him! How can any one help it when he is so good?"

The personal appeal, however, was not carried very far, for this was but the opening meeting.

The evangelist suddenly inquired of the children what they believed.

"Won't some child stand up and tell us the great truths we should live and die by?"

There was silence in the great church. The children looked at one another, but no one spoke.

"Is it possible that no one here can tell what he believes?" said the evangelist, earnestly. "Think of all that has been done for you, children. Think of the great things that have made the world even as good as it is! Can no one tell?"

There was a deeper silence, but one little heart fluttered painfully.

Could she, could she ever stand before that audience and repeat her simple credo? But another thought followed swiftly on the heels of the first. Could she be silent, and among all those hundreds no testimony be given of the truth?

Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice that trembled at first but gained strength as it went on. Fear vanished, and Polly found herself caught in the fine spirit that always awoke in her during the recitation, Sunday after Sunday, in All Souls' Sunday School:

"We believe in
The Fatherhood of God;
The Brotherhood of Man;
The Leadership of Jesus;
Salvation by Character;
The Progress of Mankind onward and upward forever.

In the freedom of the Truth and the Spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the Worship of God and the Service of Man."

Polly had forgotten the crowded church, forgotten that she was afraid. A quite personal sense of what those words meant had suddenly come to her, and Polly was glad—glad to give her testimony. She stood there, cheeks glowing, eyes flashing, her voice growing firmer with every word.

A little wave of feeling swept over the great audience as the child sat down, and curious but kindly glances were sent in her direction.

The evangelist had an earnest, sympathetic face, now very tender. "Thank you, my dear child," he said. "Do you then believe all these great truths?"

"Yes, sir," replied Polly, quickly; "and they're not hard to understand, either," sitting down again in a slight confusion, for

her remark had aroused a little ripple of amusement.

"May I ask where you learned what you have said?" inquired the evangelist.

"In the Unitarian Sunday school," replied Polly, clearly.

Polly walked home, hand in hand with Uncle Elmore.

"I was glad to hear your testimony, little niece," he said kindly.

"Oh, but I had to. It would have been dreadful for no one to tell. I guess they were all scared. I was until I thought how dreadful it would be for no one to tell."

"I'm afraid of God," said the shy little Edith, suddenly.

"Oh, you mustn't be," went on Polly. "It's terrible to be afraid; God is our Father, and fathers and mothers are the best things in the world. Oh, I could never be afraid of my father even when I'm bad! He has to punish me if I do wrong, but he always helps me out."

"So does mine," murmured Edith. "And God's got to be better than your father. Isn't it so?" went on the child.

Uncle Elmore smiled and said tenderly, "Perfect love casteth out fear."

Later on Norman stood in the library looking up at the portrait of grandfather, who had been a famous Thunderer of the Law, and whose young children had grown up to fear rather than love God.

"He was a minister, and I'm like him, they say," said the boy; "and they expect me to be a minister, too, but I've said to myself hundreds of times, 'I can't! I can't,' because I don't like God. But if I ever find a church that has a God like Polly's, perhaps—perhaps I may want to, after all!"

Whatever happens to any one,
It may be turned to beautiful results.

WALT WHITMAN.

Fun.

Paul, aged seven, was enjoying his first trip to the Vacation Farm, and was further honored by sharing the driver's high seat during the ride from the station through the open country.

"What's that?" he shrilly demanded of the driver, pointing to a large animal grazing near the roadside.

"That there's a cow," replied his companion, good-naturedly.

"What's them things on his head?"

"Them's horns. Didn't you know cows got horns?"

This amounted almost to a rebuff; but after a moment the little fellow asked timidly, "But how does he blow 'em?"

Youth's Companion.

The chauffeur never spoke except when addressed, but his few utterances, given in a broad brogue, were full of wit.

One of the men in the party remarked: "You're a bright sort of fellow, and it's easy to see that your people came from Ireland."

"No, sor; ye are very badly mistaken," replied Pat.

"What!" said the man; "didn't they come from Ireland?"

"No, sor," answered Pat, "they're there yet."

The Youth's World.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Greetings to our first new member from the State of South Carolina!

CHARLESTON, S.C.,
6 Colonial Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am seven years old, and my little brother is six years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Sinkler; she is a very nice teacher. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club, so I am writing to you. Our minister's name is Mr. Gray.

Yours truly,
MARY F. SHEPARDSON.

LYNCHBURG, VA.,
504 Elsie Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school in Lynchburg. Mrs. Fitzgerald is my teacher and I like her very much. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading it. Our minister's name is Rev. John Fitzgerald. I am ten years old. There are about eleven in my class. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
LEONA THOMPSON.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

617 Fullerton Avenue.

My dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club, and here is a story that I wrote this evening about William, the Boy Scout.

William came home from play one day and cried, "Mamma, a scout troop has started over at the church and as soon as I learn my motto and law, may I join?"

His mother said, "As you are over twelve, I think you may."

So William took from his pocket the note which the scout master had given him and sat down to a table.

Soon he got up and said, "I am going up stairs to my own room, where it is not so noisy."

When Friday came, he said, "I have my twenty-five cents now; good-by, mother," and went to the church.

After a few days William's mother noticed that his conduct was improving, and she said, "Will, what has got into you?"

And William said, "The scout habit; don't you know one of the laws is, 'A scout is helpful'? He also is kind, and obedient, and cheerful, and I am trying to live up to it, do you see, mother?"

After that William became a second-class scout until he got all his merit badges. That's the way William became a Boy Scout.

Yours truly,
CARL HOLINGER.

Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

No. 1.

"YES, my tooth is aching again," Robert said dismally as he seated himself at grandmother's feet. "I am going to the dentist to-morrow."

"Good boy!" Grandmother smiled down at him. "What's that I smell?"

"Oil of cloves," Robert answered promptly. "Mother put some in my tooth—she says it will stop aching pretty soon."

Grandmother nodded her snowy head. "Probably it will," she agreed, "but isn't it odd that you should be putting flower buds in your mouth to keep your tooth from aching?"

Robert bounced up from the stool. "Flower buds!" he exclaimed. "Why, I haven't been putting any flower buds in my mouth."

Grandmother laughed. "Oh, but you have," she contradicted; "for I just now smelled them, and you admitted you had them in your tooth."

"But"— Robert winked very rapidly. "You—you don't mean the cloves?"

"Indeed, I do. Didn't you ever wonder where cloves came from and what they were?"

Robert shook his head. "If I had," he confessed candidly, "I would have asked you. What are cloves, grandmother?"

"Just what I said—the buds of flowers," grandmother answered. "Run and ask your mother to give you a whole clove or two from the pickle spices in the kitchen cupboard."

"They do look like little flowers without any petals," Robert admitted as he seated himself with the brown bits of spice held in the palm of his hand.

Grandmother touched the little round ball in the center of the clove. "There are four

unopened petals of the flower," she said, "they are not allowed to unfold."

"What color are they when they are in bloom?" Robert asked, bending over the cloves, his eyes shining with interest.

"A beautiful crimson. First the buds are a pale color, then they change to green and later to red. When the crimson color appears they know it is time to pick the buds."

"Whew!" Robert drew a long breath.

"I think they must be pretty on the tree. What kind of a tree do they grow on?"

"A beautiful evergreen with large, oblong leaves," grandmother answered. "The trees grow to the height of thirty or forty feet. Yes, I think it must be a pretty sight to see one with its clusters of crimson buds."

"Where do they grow?" Robert asked.

"In the islands of the Indian Archipelago—you had better bring me the geography from my cabinet—is where they grow wild, but upon the East African Coast in Zanzibar and the neighboring island of Pemba the trees are planted and grown for purposes of commerce. They have a long voyage before they come to season our dishes, don't they?"

Robert bent over the map. "I guess they do," he said. "Say, grandmother, I never thought that cloves could be interesting. I liked to chew them,—when mother would let me,—but I never thought of there being a story to them. Mother has lots of other spices in her can—couldn't you?"

Grandmother held up her hand. "Tomorrow night," she promised laughingly. "It's bedtime now, you know."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 3, 2, 1, is used in cooking.

My 11, 6, 14, 15, is not far away.

My 9, 4, 8, 17, is a part of the body of every living creature.

My 16, 2, 5, 5, is not short.

My 9, 7, 8, 11, 6, 16, is worn by elderly ladies.

My 9, 10, 12, 16, is a water conveyance.

My 13, 2, 13, 6, 15, is a writing material.

My whole is a famous Frenchman.

CAROL MASON.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 3, 8, 9, is a vehicle.

My 9, 8, 5, 7, 10, is the opposite of sunny.

My 1, 6, 4, is a small speck.

My 2, 9, 6, 7, is a metal.

My whole is a useful book.

DOT.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of twenty-five letters and am the name of a noted composer.

My 1, 11, 18, and 20 is a musical sign.

My 20, 4, 6, 17, 19, 2, and 23 is an ancient musical instrument.

My 21, 18, 16, 9, 2, and 23 is the name of a famous composer.

My 15, 18, 25, 9, and 16 is another famous composer.

My 19, 23, 12, 13, 4, 16, and 4 is also the name of a composer.

My 7, 5, 10, 20, 10, and 19 is a city in England.

My 3, 14, 8, 24, 22, and 8 is a city in England.

The Church Standard.

BEHEADINGS.

I.

Whole, I bring rest; behead me, I build houses; again behead, I turn to a brown color.

II.

Whole, I am a plan; behead me, I float down the rivers; again behead, I am part of a ship.

III.

Whole, I am the common custom; behead me, I am an herb; again behead, women hide me.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

ENIGMA XIII.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

ENIGMA XIV.—Louisa Alcott.

A DOZEN JACKS.—1. Jack Horner. 2. Jack Frost. 3. Jack-of-all-trades. 4. Jack-o'-lantern. 5. Jack Spratt. 6. Jack-in-the-pulpit. 7. Jack-stones. 8. Jack-knives 9. Jack-in-the-box. 10. Jackdaw. 11. Jackson. 12. Jack and the Beanstalk.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Grocer (Grow, sir). 2. Because he represents justice (just ice). 3. A book.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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